H. R. FREEBORN, Gentlemen's Hosier, Glover, and Complete Outfitter
TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, CROSS STREET, and 2, VICTORIA STREET (late of the Arcade).

HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

Vol. II.—No. 53. MANCHESTER, Saturday, August 14th. Price One Penny.

Fresh Arrivals of Tea at
J. F. MART'S
ESTABLISHMENTS,
Opposite Town Hall, Salford;
110, Borough Buildings, London Road,
AND
62, Oldham Road, Manchester.

Congou . . 2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Pine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, Rich Pekoe-flavor, 3/- & 3/4.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

VELOCIPEDE MICHAUX

MESSRS. MICHAUX & CO. beg to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that for the future
MR. S. DAWSON,
Parsonage Chambers, 56, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER,
Will be their Sole Agent for England for the Sale of their Celebrated Velocipedes.
Purchasers will please observe that MICHAUX & Co. in large letters are on each Machine, without which none are genuine.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
Gold Lever ditto.....£7. 10s. to £21. 0s.
Gold Horizontal ditto, £3. 3s. to £7. 7s.
Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY
Of every description, in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS
In great variety.
T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
88, DEANSGATE.
Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

PURE WATER FILTERS at 5s. 6d.
PURE WATER FILTERS at 7s. 0d.
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As Exhibited at the great Exhibition 1851. Silver Prize Medal Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society. Silver Prize Medal Middleton Agricultural Society.
SLACK & BROWNLOW, 1, Victoria-st.
MANCHESTER.
Works: Upper Medlock-street Hulme.

IN REFERENCE
To WINE it is a fact that many persons are pleased if they can say "We import our own." They have an impression that by so doing they not only get it cheaper but purer; and, besides, there is the honour of importing. They overlook altogether that those Foreign Dealers who seek them out are quite aware of this amiable weakness, and do not fail to take advantage of it to add some shillings to the price. To assist the impression they judiciously insinuate that their article is purer than what usually comes to England, and thus they lull that desire for comparison which would soon dispel the delusion.
These remarks apply specially to
GERMAN WINES,
And, in proof of them, we would ask those Gentlemen who buy such Wines to compare our
STILL HOCK AT
20s. with their own importing at 24s.
24s. Do. do. „ 28s.
33s. Do. do. „ 36s.
42s. Do. do. „ 46s. to 48s.
48s. Do. do. „ 54s. to 60s.
SPARKLING HOCK AND MOSELLE.
36s. Do. do. „ 42s.
48s. Do. do. „ 54s. to 60s.
60s. & 66s. Do. do. „ 66s. to 80s.
Even supposing the value to be equal, there is this advantage in buying here, that any quantity can be got when wanted; whereas, in importing, a quantity of money is locked up, probably for years, in an article not of every day consumption.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street, Manchester.
11, Lord Street, Liverpool.
28, High Street, Birmingham.

THE TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER will destroy cockroaches, beetles, and crickets sooner and more effectually than any other preparation ever offered to the public. It is perfectly harmless to dogs or cats, as they will not touch it. The following is one out of a number of testimonials which the proprietor has received:—
"25, Carnarvon-street, Cheetham Hill Road,
"Manchester, April 29th, 1869.
"Mr. E. Griffiths Hughes.—Sir,—The effect of your tropical beetle powder is really marvellous. I laid some down one night, and the next morning the floor was fairly covered with cockroaches, dead and dying. I may say there were hundreds of them. After applying it three times, we were quite free from them.—Yours very truly,
"JAMES MILNER."
Manufactured by E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, chemist, Ca'eaton-street, Manchester; and sold by all chemists, in 6d. and 1s. packets.
MAYER'S New Patent GASOGENES, for making half gallon of Soda Water, price 25s.

FIRST ARRIVAL IN THE CITY.
Just received, a Consignment of the
Australian Meat Company's
READY-COOKED
MUTTON & BEEF,
SOLD WITHOUT BONE,
In 2, 4, and 6lb. TINS,
BY
J. W COTT, FAMILY GROCER,
276, DEANSGATE.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

WEDDING BREAKFASTS
BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,
ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free. Late Purveyors to the Botanical Society.

WM. JAS. WRIGHT,
MILITARY TAILOR
AND
HATTER,
58, LOWER KING STREET,
MANCHESTER.

JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

DIRECTORY.

[In the case of those names which are marked with an asterisk (*) a more detailed advertisement appears in another column.]

AMUSEMENTS & PUBLIC NOTICES.

*PRINCE'S THEATRE, Oxford-street. — To-night, "Much Ado about Nothing." Next Week: Mr. Brough's Burlesque Company.
*ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Belle Vue.
*POMONA GARDENS, Cornbrook.

AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS.

*MORRIS and BROWN, 13, South King-street.

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*McCANEY and Co. 17, James-street, Smithfield Market, and 205, City Road.

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*PARKER and SON, St. Mary's Gate.

FILTERS.

*W. ELLIOTT and Co. Cheetham, and 7, Todd-street, Corporation-street.
*SLACK and BROWNLOW, 1, Victoria-street; Works: Upper Medlock-street.

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*J. W. SCOTT, 276, Deansgate.

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*JAMES GEE, 13, Market-street.
*R. HUSBAND, 35, Market-street, and Oldham-street.

HOUSE FURNISHERS.

*R. H. GIBSON, 90, to 96, Stretford Road, and 78, Oldham-street.

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*SHILLITO and SHORLAND 160 to 164, Stretford Road.

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*H. STATHAM and Co. 11, Corporation-street,

JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

*T. ARMSTRONG and BROTHER, 88, Deansgate.
*HENRY PIDDUCK, 24, St. Ann's Square.
*R. WALMSLEY, 129, Oldham-street.

MANCHESTER WAREHOUSEMEN.

*G. R. ALLINSON, 54 and 54a, High-street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

*Patent Corkscrew: GEORGE TWIGG, 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.
*Teacher of Swimming: POULTON, Leaf-street Baths.
Porpoise-skin Boot Laces: GILL and Co., 12, Brewer-street, Golden-Square, London.
*Starch Manufacturers: WOTHERSPOON & Co. Glasgow and London.
*Tropical Beetle Powder: E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Chemist, Cateaton-street, Manchester.
*Tic Doloreux Pills: JONES'S, 149, Chapel-street, Salford.
*Carriage Manufacturer: J. H. SMITH, Victoria-street, Congleton.
*Boot and Shoe Warehouse: C. ROLLINSON, Beehive, 162, Deansgate, Manchester.

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*JOHN CAVANAGH, 11, Oxford-street.

PAPER HANGINGS.

*CORNELIUS SHIERS, 84, Shudehill.

RAILWAY EXCURSIONS.

*To Matlock.—MIDLAND RAILWAY Co. Every Saturday.

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

*J. G. KERSHAW and Co. 37, Oxford-street.

SEWING MACHINES.

*W. GARNER, Park Works, Park-street, near Ducie Bridge.
*JOHN HOWE, 3, St. Mary's Gate, ("Howe" and "Ariel" Machines.)
*"FLORENCE" LOCK STITCH, 19 and 21, Blackfriars-street, corner of Deansgate.
*GROVER and BAKER'S, 67, Oldham-street.—J. Hodgson, Agent.

SUMMER BEVERAGES.

*MOTTERSHEAD and Co. 1, Market Place.

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*SHIRLEY and HILL, 52, Market-street.
*WILLIAM JAMES WRIGHT, 58, Lower King-street.
*Mc CONNELL & FRASER, City Buildings, Corporation-street.

TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS.

*HARGRAVES, 44, Swan-street, and 2 to 10, Mann-street.

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*JOSEPH HALEY, 10, Corporation-street, Duice Bridge.
*MICHAUX and Co. Agent: S. Dawson, 56, Deansgate.
*ANDREW MUIR, Victoria Bridge Works, Salford.
*NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY, Free Trade Hall.
*S. and J. PRESTWICH, 13, Marsden Square; Works: Farnworth, near Bolton.
*JOSEPH WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly: (also Perambulators and Invalids' Carriages.)
*KERSHAW'S, Store-street, Ancoats.

WINDOW BLINDS.

*J. HAYWARD, 5, John Dalton-street.

WINE MERCHANTS.

*JAMES SMITH and COMPANY, 26, Market-street, Manchester; 11, Lord-street, Liverpool; 28, High-street, Birmingham.
*J. STOCKS and Co. 126, Broad-street, Pendleton, and 266, Stretford Road.

The charges for insertion in the Directory, which are extremely moderate, may be ascertained by post, or on personal application to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford-street, Manchester.

NOTICE.

THE attention of Parents and others is requested to a PATENTED IMPROVEMENT in HOODS for PERAMBULATORS & INVALID CARRIAGES, which is a simple contrivance for raising or lowering the hood of such vehicles, and dispenses with the use of the strap ordinarily used. This invention may be applied at a small cost to any vehicle; is cheaper than anything which has preceded it, and is warranted for two years, the same as all Carriages sold at this establishment.

JOS. WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly, Manchester.

VELOCIPEDES constructed on the best principle, usually charged £10, selling at £7. 10.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

SHILLITO AND SHORLAND,
Ironmongers and Gas Fitters,
IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES,
Owing to the great increase of their business, have taken the large and extensive Premises,
160, 162, and 164,
STRETFORD ROAD,
lately occupied by JOHN VERTEGANS and Co., Ironmongers (Limited), where will be found a large and well selected STOCK, at the Lowest Prices for Cash.

☞ Price Lists on application.

All kinds of Repairs promptly attended to.

J. HAYWARD,

(For several years Manager to the late firm of Scholes & Co.)

Window Blind Manufacturer

5, JOHN DALTON STREET,
MANCHESTER.

Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

JONES'S TIC-DOLOREUX PILLS

Invaluable for the relief and cure of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Ague, Erysipelas, Consumption, Nervous Disorders, &c. Sold in Boxes at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., & 2s. 9d. Post free for 9, 15 and 36 stamps. Sole proprietor: JAMES JONES, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 149, Chapel Street, Salford.

Agents: Woolley, 69, Market-st., Manchester; J. Wheeldon, 217, Stockport-rd.; T. Bushby, Stockport-rd.; J. Whitehead, Tamworth-st., Hulme; T. Morris, Farnworth; and others.

JAMES HOYLE SMITH,

COACH-BUILDER, CONGLETON,

CHESHIRE,

Exhibited his celebrated Novelty, which forms Five distinct Carriages, viz.: as Vis-a-vis, to drive from the inside. Ditto for Coachman. Ditto Close Carriage, with or without Driving Seat. Ditto Barouche Head.

The only maker in England. 4 shapes £150. 5 shapes £180.

ALSG HIS

ELECT, OR LADIES' DOG CART,

Hung low, and easy of access, suitable for Cob or Horse.—**Price £35 to £40,** according to finish.

THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY,

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY beg to announce that they have **OPENED** the immense basement of the **FREE TRADE HALL,** for the **SALE** and **HIRE** of their Patent Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, the "VELOX," which is cheaper, and in many respects better than those of other makers. The National Velox Company also HIRE Velocipedes, by the hour, to the general public, at a small charge. Gentlemen who have bought other makers' Velocipedes, and require practice, will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity, as they will have a perfectly level floor, great space, allowing the highest possible speed to be attained, and seclusion.

☞ *At the Athletic Festival gentlemen who ran second and third both rode on Velocipedes manufactured by the National Velox Co.*

In order to keep the attendance select, the NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY charge Sixpence for admission, which is returnable to those hiring Velocipedes.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

All Dunkerley & Franks' Umbrellas are made on FOX'S CELEBRATED FRAMES: being large producers DUNKERLEY & FRANKS are enabled to offer them at astonishingly low prices. 7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, Manchester.

Patronised by HER MAJESTY and their Royal Highnesses PRINCE & PRINCESS of Wales.
NICOLL'S
TRICHANOPHRON
Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful, clean, glossy appearance.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

HAIR RESTORED & BALDNESS PREVENTED BY
NICOLL'S
ELECTRIC HAIR REGENERATOR.
One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head, apparently bald, commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Its action on the hair through the medium of the skin removes all scurf and dandriff, and in many cases causes grey hair to turn to the original colour by removing obstructions at the root, causing the colouring or pigment to flow into the interior of the hair; one trial is sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.
PREPARED BY
NICOLL,
11, AIR-ST., REGENT'S QUADRANT, LONDON.

NICOLL'S
GOLDEN TINCTURE,
For giving a brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any color. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d.

NICOLL'S
CELEBRATED DEPILATORY,
For Removing Superfluous Hair. Sent to any part of the Three Kingdoms, carriage free, on receipt of 20 Stamps.

NICOLL'S
CELEBRATED SYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.
Free from Smell. Warranted not to stain the skin. The Hair Dyed in One Minute.—In cases, 3s. 6d.
Post Office Orders payable at Vigo Street.
Hair Cutter to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

DELICIOUS EFFERVESCING SUMMER BEVERAGES can be made at home, with the
NEW PATENT GAZOGENE,
PRICE 10s.
MOTTERSHEAD & CO., 1, MARKET PLACE.
(Wholesale and Retail.)

GARDEN HOSE, with BRASS WORK.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FISHING STOCKINGS, TROUSERS AND BOOTS,
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FLEXIBLE HOSE for GARDENS fitted with Taps, Jets, Roses, Spreaders, and Unions.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

VELOCIPEDES of the best construction and workmanship, at JOSEPH HALEY'S, Machinist, 10, Corporation-st., Ducie Bridge, Manchester.

THE
Globe Parcel Express,
127a, MARKET STREET.
PARCELS & PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY to ALL PARTS of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.
GOODS and PARCELS forwarded per Mail and other Steamers or Sailing Vessels to India, China, Australia, United States, Canada, and all other parts of the World.

Every Saturday, Price One Penny.

THE SPHINX,

A Journal of Humour and Criticism, Art, Music, the Drama, Literature, Society, and Current Events.

The *Sphinx* is published every Friday at noon. The earlier numbers (1 to 32) are out of print. Copies of Nos. 33 to 40 may be had on application to the publishers and printers, Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford-street.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS during MAY and JUNE.

THE CLUBS OF MANCHESTER:—
1. The Conservative.
2. The Union.
3. The Albert.
4. The Clarendon.
5. The Freemasons'.

HOLIDAY NOTES:—
1. Wastdale and Christopher North.
2. The Ascent of the Glyder (North Wales).
3. A Walk to Rostherne.
4. Ambleside, and Hartley Coleridge.
5. Disley and Lyme Hall.
6. Paris as seen by a Manchester Man. Chap. I–II.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MANCHESTER STAGE:—
1. Actors and Managers.
2. Jim Browne: Marie Wilton.
3. The Leclercqs and the Paynes.

CHURCHES AND PREACHERS:—
The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
A Morning with the Unitarians (Rev. W. Herford).
A Morning with the Swedenborgians (Rev. J. Hyde).
Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
A Children's Chapel.
Whit-Sunday at St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse).
The Stowell Memorial Church.
Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).

THE DRAMA:—
After Dark at the Royal.
The Amateur Actors at the Athenæum.
The King o' Scots at the Prince's.
Miss Bateman.
Mr. Bandmann as Hamlet.
Mr. Phelps.
School at the Prince's.
Caste " "

DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS:—
The Conservative Demonstration.
A Bicycle Race in the Free Trade Hall.
Miss Lydia Becker and Mrs. Cassidy.
Good Friday on the Bowdon Line.
Crossing Swords with H.M. Inniskillings.
A Seance with the Spiritualists.
The Bible Christians and their Graveyard.
Greengate.
The Cathedral.
Umbrellas.
Young Lady Friendships.
Whit-week and the Sunday Schools.
Blackballs and Bankers.
Lancashire Worthies: I. John Byrom,
" " II. "
Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
Lords and Commons.
May-Day at Knutsford.
The Cumbrian and Westmoreland Wrestlers.
A Book of Confessions.
Owens College Athletic Sports.
The Flower Show at the Botanical Gardens.
The Derby.
Holidays.
A Parley about "Parlez Vous."
Co-operators in Balloon Street.
Whit-week Holiday-makers.
The Cathedral Organ.
To Erin's Isle. By Edwin Waugh.
Laughter.
A Whit-week Episode.
The County Cricket Match at Old Trafford.
A Legal Farce, in Three Acts.
Cruelty to Animals.
Our New J.P.'s.
The Grammar School: How the Capitation Scheme Works.
Velocipede Contests at the Amphitheatre.
The Poultry Market.

RHYMES, SONGS, AND BALLADS:—
In an Attic.
The Man Himself (Sensation Music Hall Song).
The Happy Days of Childhood.
Sir Wright and the Bey. By our Bab Balladist.
Der Boet's Barty (after Hans Breitmann).
A Good Samaritan.
Scandal-cum-Dip.

TOWN TALK AND MISCELLANIES.

Sphinx Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester.

MORRIS & BROWN,
AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS,
13, South King-street, Manchester.
D. ALONZO MORRIS.
C. J. BROWN.

"Mars ruin'd him; his mother ruin'd me." *Dryden.*

And once a hard and heavy hat
Had almost ruin'd me;
It gall'd—*I* had no doubt of *that*—
I groan'd in misery!

But when Gee's felt lin'd hat I tried,
What bliss, I felt, of ease!
Feeling and taste were satisfied,
For none can equal Gee's!

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA ON HATS
In the press, and shortly will be published, by
JAMES GEE, HATTER,
13, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER,
"A Homily on the Head Coverings of Humanity: Humourous, Æsthetic, and Historical," by the above eminent author.
Sole Agent for Woodrow's Prize Medal Hats.

BUTTER! BUTTER! BUTTER!
McCANEY & CO.,
17, JAMES-ST., SMITHFIELD MARKET,
And 205, CITY ROAD, offer the best
NEW GRASS IRISH BUTTER
At 10d., 11d., and 1s. per lb.
EGGS and POULTRY of the freshest and choicest description, at prices much cheaper than any other house in Manchester. Wholesale and retail customers meet with every attention.
FRESH ARRIVALS DAILY.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
EPIDEMIC DISEASES.—The alarming increase of deaths from cholera and diarrhœa, should be a warning to everyone to subdue at once any irregularity tending towards disease. Holloway's Pills should now be in every household to rectify all impure states of the blood, to remedy weakness, and to overcome impaired general health. Nothing can be simpler than the instructions for taking this corrective medicine, nothing more efficient than its cleansing powers, nothing more harmless than its vegetable ingredients. Holloway's is the best physic during the summer season, when decaying fruit and unwholesome vegetables are frequently deranging the bowels, and daily exposing thousands, through their negligence in permitting disordered action, to the dangers of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera.

Public Notices.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.
SATURDAY to MONDAY
AT
MATLOCK.
Every Saturday until October 30th, 1869,
RETURN TICKETS, at the following low Fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations, to MATLOCK-BATH, by the Midland Company's New Route, by any of the Ordinary Trains on Saturday, available for return by any Train on the following Sunday or Monday.

STATIONS.	FARES.	
	1st Class.	2nd Class.
MANCHESTER	9s. 6d.	7s. 0d.
GUIDE BRIDGE	9s. 0d.	6s. 6d.
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale Sta.)	8s. 6d.	6s. 0d.

In Manchester, Tickets will be issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.
JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.
Derby, June 25th, 1869.

G. R. ALLINSON, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 & 54a, High

SEA WEEDS,
FROM THE COAST OF ANTRIM.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

Thou, too, Dunluce, proud throne of feudal state,
Hast bowed beneath the withering stroke of fate.
* * * *
Wide to the storm now stand thy echoing halls;
Time saps the base of thy basaltic walls;
In ruin lies thy bridge's narrow pass,
Sunk is the fosse, and clothed with waving grass;
The sea-pink blooms upon thy turret's height,
Where the lone bird of ocean broods by night;
While far beneath the sea-washed cavern moans,
As the sad spirit of the whirlwind groans,
And fell Banshees, across the lonely heath,
Shriek to the blast the fearful song of death.

DR. DRUMMOND.

SOME time ago, I took your readers from the town of Portrush, along the edge of the sea, as far as Dunluce Castle. The other day, I visited the place again; and I find that time does not lessen its interest for me. Indeed, it grows upon the imagination. It reminds one of the stronghold of some ancient robber. It looks like the scene of a thousand wild traditions, stretching far back into the misty past—in fact, it is so. Strange things must have happened in that savage-looking spot since it was first inhabited by the old chieftains of Ulster. I think I never saw such a wild pile of ruin in such a romantic perch before. Lord John Manners says, "Dunluce is, without exception, the grandest, romanticest, awfulest sea-king's castle in broad Europe. There is no castle on the Rhine, or the Loire, or the Seine, or anywhere else that I know of, that can be compared with it for desolate, awe-inspiring grandeur." Well, this is saying a good deal, certainly; but then, it may be true for anything I know. It has not been my fortune to see the "castled crags" of other lands; indeed, I have never been out of the British islands yet—though there is no telling how soon I may be—there is a rabbit-warren near my present lodging. To tell the truth, I, like most men, have not seen all my native land yet, "by a long chalk;" and, therefore, I cannot make world-sweeping comparisons about the matter. "Dear-bought and far-fetched is good for ladies;" and we are all a little inclined to think that what we have never seen, and is difficult to get at, must be a vast deal finer than that which is everlastingly under the nose. Well, let the reader beware, then, and keep in mind the limited range of my experience; and, in the meantime, I will tell him something of what Dunluce looked like to me.

The glow of sunset was flushing the bold headlands of Antrim with splendour as a rise in the road brought me in sight of the ragged towers of Dunluce, mouldering upon the summit of a gloomy crag—like the bleached bones of a dead eagle. Its position is strikingly wild, and partly proves its antiquity. It shows that the site must have been chosen in days of the iron hand, when life and property were at the mercy of the strongest robber, and personal security was of more importance than personal comfort. We need not ask what became of the poor and weak in those days. History leaks out something of their sad story, amongst its records of kings, and priests, and nobles, but it cannot tell the whole tale. High-perched upon a dark basaltic rock, over-frowning the tempestuous sea, the relics of Dunluce stand, in ruinous desolation—partly isolated by the waves, and partly by a deep chasm—connected with the mainland by a narrow bridge of masonry, eighteen inches wide, and wholly unprotected at the sides. The summit of the rock is crowded with the ruins to its utmost edge, and more than one writer says he wonders how those outer walls were built. "What numbers of masons and builders must have fallen into that gloomy sea before the last loop-hole was pierced." Indeed, part of the castle has fallen away, with the rock beneath it, down into the waves. The base of the crag is perforated by a lofty cave, in which the sea roars underneath the shattered stronghold; and the mouldering relics that crest the steep are sometimes drenched in storm-driven spray, although the rock itself is more than one hundred feet high. As the sea-bird wheels and screams around the desolate ruin, his cry is unmingled with any other sound but the moan and wash of the lonely sea, and the wind wailing in its rifted towers. Kind Nature is taking the solitary fastness of green Ulster's ancient chieftains into her arms again. Time has mantled the hoary ruin in weather-stains and mellow tinges of decay. Its silent courts are rank with weeds, and wild flowers spring between the separating stones and chinks of ragged wall—like daisies growing from the graves of the dead. The grip of ruin is upon the storm-beaten "mansion of the chaste and gentle melodies." Its hearths are cold, and tall grass waves in the courts that once were thronged with smooth-clad nobles and ladies bright. The wild music of the birds and winds, and the voices of the elements alone are heard within the roofless walls which once rang with the minstrel's song. Naked to the skies it stands, in tattered desolation; and the cold streams of heaven sap its tenantless halls. The moan of the waves wanders through it, and finds no life; and the solemn witchery of the wild ocean deepens the loneliness of all around. Dunluce is, indeed, a savage looking piece of solitude. Tradition ascribes its origin to a chieftain called M'Keown, who built it for protection against the Danes and the ancient Caledonians, as well as his own turbulent neighbours. Little, however, is known of its early history. But, whoever its founder may have been, it afterwards fell into the hands of the M'Quillans—whoever they might be—and lastly of the O'Donnells, famous Ulster chieftains, and sub-kings to the great O'Neil. This is really a kind of bare scaffolding of its history; the imaginative reader may fill it up with revelry, robbery, chivalry, treachery, heroism, "battle, murder, and sudden death," and the usual details, according to his own fancy. In 1584 it was besieged and taken by Sir John Perrot, who planted his artillery (two culverins and two sakers) against it. This ordnance was brought by sea from Dublin to Portrush, and thence "was drawn by men's hands, through want of other means." A stout defence seems to have been maintained for a while, till, at last, the deputy (Sir John Perrot), "seeing the soldiers shrink, commanded some of his own servants to supply the places of them that were fearfull to fill the gabions, and make good the ground, himself encouraging both them and the rest, by giving not only his presence, but his hand, to the work, by which means the ordnance was planted, and the blinders set up; the canoniere beginning to play, which at first did little annoy the castle, or the ward therein, but within a little time the pile began to shake, through continuance and the discharging at once of the artillery. Then the courages of the ward began to quaile, insomuch as, the next morning, a parley is demanded, and conditions propounded; leave to depart with bag and baggage is by the deputy granted, as well to take time while the feare lasted, to prevent such resolution, as despaire, and a better consideration of the strength of the place might yield them, as to save the charge of re-edifying the castle, which he intended keeping for the Queene, being a place of no small importance." Dunluce must have had a troubled time of it during the two centuries which followed that siege. It is said to be haunted still by a banshee, called "Mave Roe." A room in one of the towers is pointed out as "Mave Roe's Room," and she is said to sweep its floor every night. Indeed, it always looks so wonderfully clean as to lead to the supposition that some less supernatural broom than Mave Roe's assists the legend. Local writers are never tired of Dunluce. In a humourous poem I met with lately, I find the following lines:—

There ould Dunluce is, which no other use is
But for people to write their names inside;
And a room that's round, O! an' quite renowned, O!—
It's Mave Roe's room—and it's six feet wide;
It's there McQuillian slew foes by the million,
With no double-dalin', but pike an' lance;
An' like a bould Dalmatian, or a Polynasian,
Gave 'em an illigant rayson to look two ways at wance.

And, as the same writer says of Coleraine, so might he say, with equal truth, of Dunluce—

It's ould an' it's anshint, an' faith it's mintioned
In books was printed before the flood;
Likewise the "four masters" tells its bowld disasters,
How, like a ragin' lion, it thim withstood.

About five hundred yards north-east of the castle, and hidden from it by a rise of ground between, a little vale stretches away from the road-side—a quiet vale of cultivated land and hedge-rows—silent pastures, and green growth everywhere but in one spot, where the roofless walls of an old church lean hither and thither, in moss-grown decrepitude, in the midst of a weedy grave-yard. There is no other vestige of any kind of building in that rural vale. The wild birds, the winds, and the sun, and the rains of heaven, have it all to themselves. All around the ruined church there is nothing but green pastures and ploughed lands. And yet, even so late as the year 1641, that green valley was occupied by the market town of Dunluce—the old town of the Earls of Antrim. Now there is not one stone left upon another to mark where the habitation of man has been; nothing to indicate to a stranger's eye that busy streets have lined that valley of green crops—nothing, save the ruined church, which makes the passenger wonder, as he looks around, why it was ever planted in such a solitude. The yellow corn waves now where chimneys smoked, and young and old gathered around the glowing hearths. And cattle graze upon the ground where buyers and sellers chaffered, and tossed the "God's penny" from hand to hand in the Saturday's market—for the town had a weekly market on that day. No human voice is heard in that valley, now, but the prattle of girls, weeding in the turnip fields, or the cry of the ploughman to his horses, or the crack of a driver's whip, as some car rattles by the end of the valley, on its road to the causeway—no sound but "the wild music of birds and winds, and the voices of the stormy elements." Upon the south-east slope of the knoll which hides the castle from the valley—where the land has not yet been ploughed—the ground heaves, here and there, in regular square ridges, shewing where the foundations of houses are overgrown with green—and this is all that is left of the old town of Dunluce. The little stream that runs by the ruined church has been reddened with blood, and its waters have rippled in the glare of midnight conflagration. The stream is singing on, in limpid beauty; and the wild-flowers nod upon its banks, and kiss its liquid lips to-day, as if such things had never been. It seems strange that a whole town should have been so utterly swept from the face of the earth, within such a short lapse of time; yet it is so. Indeed, the numerous instances in Ireland of ruined churches standing, like this, in the midst of solitudes once occupied by towns and villages, are sad comments upon the history of this turbulent land. In 1641, Dunluce was completely razed to the ground. This was the time when the Irish rebellion broke out in Ulster, under the leadership of Sir Phelim Roe O'Neil. "On that hapless generation, Catholic and Protestant, then came the culminating horrors of a bloody struggle which had continued, almost without interruption, for the space of five hundred years. The massacres throughout Ulster in 1641 naturally resulted from the 'Plantation of Ulster,' in 1606, by which multitudes of the Irish were driven from their lands, and only permitted to live on sufferance in the bogs and among the mountain fastnesses of their native soil. But the 'Plantation of Ulster' was, in its turn, the natural result of the frightful condition to which the whole province had been reduced by the rebellion of the northern chieftains, O'Neil and O'Donnell, who made it literally a howling wilderness, and then suddenly deserted it for a more peaceful home in Spain." From a very interesting work, called *The Stewarts of Ballintoy*, by the Rev. George Hill, I quote the preceding passage, as also this—"The Irish burned the town of Dunluce, which then (in 1641) stood on the other side of the road, opposite Dunluce Castle; but they could not seize the castle, which was defended by a small garrison. The town of Dunluce must have been of some importance, containing its merchants, most of whom, no doubt, were Scottish settlers, in the days of the first Earl of Antrim. In the church-yard of Dunluce there is a tombstone which was erected by a "burgess of Irvine' (in Scotland) over the graves of his children. The inscription is as follows:—"Here lyeth the children of Walter Kyd, marchant of Dunluce, burgess of Irvine. He made this stone, tenth of March, anno domino, 1630." I remember copying this very inscription into my note book some years ago. About eleven years after the date of this tombstone, the rebellion swept across Ulster, with all its horrors; and Dunluce, with its hiring-fairs and its weekly market, disappeared from the scene.

And now to return to the castle. The traveller who wishes to see the old fortress from the best point of view should look back upon it from the rising ground, about one hundred yards beyond it, on the road to the Giant's Causeway. He will then see Dunluce in all its wildness. From thence the ruins are completely under the eye; and the crag upon which they rest is visible almost to the foot, where the waves break upon it. He will do better still if he leaves the car for a little while and views the castle from the edge of the dividing chasm; or descends into the hollow, to look aloft at the ruin-crested cliff, and examine the sea-cave which perforates its base. About half a mile beyond the castle, part of a round-topped eminence has been cut away at the side, to make room for the "coast road" which, here, once more runs close to the edge of a wild creek of the sea. It is worth while to pull up and look over the wall, into that precipitous cleft, at the bottom of which the sea is raging among fantastic rocks. The slow action of the persevering waves during countless ages of time has rounded off every jagged point from these iron crags. The hill which has been cut away on the seaward side, for the road, is known as the Gallows Hill, a name which sufficiently indicates its use in former times. One feature of feudal tenure in the olden time was that the great chieftains, holding lands under the king, had power of life and death within their territory, among other sovereign rights, which now appertain to government alone. The Gallows Hill is in full view from the castle; and, no doubt, many a poor soul has taken his last look at sea and land from the summit of that lonely hill.

But now the road begins to descend. The ruined towers of Dunluce have disappeared; and, as we rattle by the quarried side of the ancient hill of death, a new scene opens upon the sight, of which I will say something in my next.

A SEARCH FOR A MUSIC MASTER.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.]

LIKE Prospero's—or shall I say Shakespere's?—Enchanted Isle, this strange old city of Naples is full of noises. No one on arriving here would imagine himself in a realm of music. At the station, in the streets, within even the precincts of his hotel, the ear of the visitor is for ever saluted with a perfect Babel of sounds. And yet music has a real home here. The infant just escaped from its leading-strings tries to toddle in time to the tune of the organ; the little ragged bare-footed girls dance ecstatically, as a strain of a polka you play makes its way from the piano in your salon to the street below; the boy tramps miles with the regiments that march and countermarch from one barrack to another; scores of excited people keep pace even with the swift pace of the Bersaglieri, and almost break out into cheers when the song of the soldiery alternates with the wild double-quick of the buglers, playing in unison; and ever and anon, rising above the clamour of the city, you shall surely hear a tuneful voice or a snatch from a native refrain, too popular and too deeply lost in the mystical Neapolitan dialect to have ever been dignified with paper and printing.

But it is not alone the musical nature of the people which makes Naples a home of music. Here sprung to life and grew to perfection the modern school of Italian music—the school which best forms and trains the voice, which, when applied by wise masters to patient pupils, also imparts the greatest degree of passion that in our days is known. Its Conservatory has in its day been held the finest in the world, and to-day, with Mercadante at its head, it still holds high though not the highest rank. Many a famous opera has been heard for the first time upon the famous stage of San Carlo, which still retains its prestige and its critical habit, although now-a-days a great artist is rarely heard within its walls. The fact is Italy cannot retain her own gifted children, while they can reap such prodigal rewards in France, in England, in Russia, and elsewhere. Still, the music masters of Naples are perhaps unrivalled, Northern Italy has few good teachers; Florence has but one; Naples has many. The difficulty is which to choose, when you have such an embarrassment of choice. And this leads me to tell my simple story. There is not much in it. Take it for what it is worth.

We were a party of three. Such a difficulty it was, getting under way for a season of downright profitable study! Having placed ourselves here for a matter of six months, or more, we couldn't help

imbibing the musical atmosphere to that extent that we immediately reduced ourselves to the state of absolute tyros, tried to forget all that we had ever professed to know, and decided we must be taught to sing like the best of them. So we got a piano, hiring a capital "short grand," for about fifteen shillings a month, and were amused when it was brought home, gently poised on the heads of four men. Now for the master. Of course, Guercia, the Garcia of the Conservatory, was by all odds the best; but then we were not sufficiently advanced to make it worth our while to employ him. We could neither fully appreciate his lessons, nor remunerate ourselves for the high price we should have to pay for them. So whenever we met anybody who knew the ways of Naples, as we went to and fro' in the city, we asked, "Who is a really good teacher?" Then we set down his name and address, and wrote and appointed interviews. Thus, on several evenings, our door was opened to admit a professional gentleman, with whom we exchanged ideas, so far as our sixty-three Italian ideas allowed, who obligingly sang for us something to show his style, and who afterwards invited us to exhibit our voices—a kind of sword-measuring preparatory to an anticipated encounter. Among these visitors there came Signor Mattei—a brother of the Mattei who wrote "*Non è ver.*" He was a very pleasant youth, and played some fantasies with an exquisite touch and method; but then he was only a pianist, which was not what we wanted. Then, too, came Signor Conti, an eminent teacher. He understood his business well, but he had pretty much exhausted his voice, and we wanted to be shown, as well as told, how to sing. Besides, on reflection, he had not as many hours at command as we needed, so we had our trouble with him for nought. The day after Signor Conti's call, I went despairingly to Ricordi's music shop. "Could they name anybody?" Well, that depended on what we wanted. We did not want, I said, any particularly famous person, at a high price, but simply a good man, a graduate of the Conservatory, intelligent and unpretending. A considerable requirement, but if we would like to meet a "*brave jeune homme*," who sang well himself, and wrote well, they would send him. Of course, I bespoke him, and went home.

After a night or two, the bell rang, and I opened the door to a figure who stood upon the dusky landing with two cards in his hand—mine and his own—and asked me if I were I. I said I was, and bade him enter. As we passed into the light of the room, I saw a young man of middle height, a little reserved in manner, but with a most open, interesting face, eyes as blue as the Mediterranean as it washes the most beautiful bay in the world, and a profusion of light, wavy hair. The charming precision of his accent indicated a Northern Italian; his manners were those of one accustomed to good company. We asked him to sing, and after a song or two, given in a manly and perfectly modulated tenor voice, I said to myself, "this must be our teacher." But how to arrange it? He declined to propose any terms, and I hadn't the slightest idea what to offer him. So I managed to make him understand that I would send him a proposition in writing, and he left us. Looking at his card after he was gone, I read: "Francesco Paolo Tosti, Maestro de Canto." I liked the name as much as I liked the man. He was evidently young, but he knew his art—that was clear; and he had that fresh enthusiasm which to a pupil is an inspiration. So I made a little calculation, put the result into an offer, and sent it to his address. In two days I had an acceptance; in two more we had begun our lessons.

Never could lessons have been more interesting or advantageous. We all went back to first principles, following, of course, according to our respective needs, the magnificent method of Guercia, and the system for *basso centrale* of Boda,—the former an absolutely exhaustive school wherein no step is skipped; the latter, only less artistic in that the successive exercises are wider apart, and consequently require slower study on the part of the learner, and closer care on that of the instructor. Thrice a week comes Signor Tosti, and then we have a three hours season of real delight, although of real work. For he is patient and delicate, and thoughtful, and yet so shrewd and wise, with a wonderful fund of humour, which helps to represent every bad trick so clearly and yet so ridiculously, that we can only stand surprised and wonder anybody could have been absurd enough to acquire such a habit. Yet he never goes too far, or causes us to feel that he is making fun of us, but only pointing out something which we too should enjoy laughing at. Though not a professed player, his accompaniments are perfect; and when he does let us, as a reward, try a song, his hands on the piano, and his inspiring look seem to make us sing as we never imagined we could. His strictness is inflexible, his censure gentle, his praise, when it is given well worth having, so manifest is his pleasure in being able to bestow it. My praise, which haply he may never know, is echoed elsewhere. He is a valued youthful friend of Mercadante, and among some of the best people in Naples he is welcome alike for his delightful music, and his charming personal traits. I sometimes try to dazzle him with a picture of the fortune and fame that would inevitably be his in the richer cities of Western Europe; but his heart seems to cling to this lovely land of song and flowers, of brilliant skies and seas, and he prefers "to dwell among his own people."

THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.

[REV. C. T. WATSON, M.A.]

THE newly-built Church of the Ascension, Lower Broughton, was consecrated a fortnight ago, by the bishop of the diocese. As there is no form for the consecration of a church in the Book of Common Prayer, each bishop considers himself at liberty to make use of one of his own composing, and so the ceremony differs in every diocese in Great Britain. The one in use in the diocese of Manchester is very meagre and commonplace. It is entirely wanting in stateliness, purpose, and beauty. It is, in short, as barren and unornamental a service as can well be imagined. Dr. Prince Lee is well known as the "schoolmaster bishop," and he evidently loves to see his clergy arrayed like so many schoolmasters. The ecclesiastical surplice and stole are abominations in his eyes, but the black gown he dotes upon. It is somewhat strange that there should be no one word said, and not the slightest hint given, as to the order for the consecration of a church; but at the Reformation the compilers of the Prayer Book must have thought one of three things, namely:—that no more churches would be built, or that, if built, so superstitious a ceremony as consecration would be unnecessary; or that the old use was a goodly one, and required no alteration at their hands. This is a subtle question for ecclesiastical antiquarians to decide, and in their hands we must leave it, though we incline to the latter alternative. It has, however, often struck us that consecrations are in themselves breaches of the Act of Uniformity. Perhaps some of our legal authorities will enlighten us on this point.

Though the ritual of the ceremony itself is so poverty-stricken, on last Saturday week it was made the most of. Mr. Watson, the rector-elect of the Church of the Ascension, is evidently a more thorough churchman than his brother at St. Stowell's. Mr. Watson's choir is a surpliced one, and he does not detect the mark of the beast in an embroidered altar cloth, or a cross carved in wood or stone. If the Vicar of St. Mark's, Dukinfield, is a true prophet, Mr. Watson must be a regular servant of the enemy. "Here is a mark of the beast and his image. The clergy who change the Black Gown for the Surplice are of this school."* We, however, do not measure by the Vicar of St. Mark's standard, and though Mr. Watson preaches in his surplice and—what is, in some persons' eyes, worse still—celebrates Holy Communion every Sunday, he is far removed from even moderate ritualism. The bands with which ultra-evangelicals so much love to adorn their throats are unknown at the Church of the Ascension. When we have said that Mr. Watson is a hard worker, and has a will of his own, we have sufficiently indicated the character of the gentleman who has taken charge of this new church.

To return to the consecration. The Bishop's worthy Professor of Fee-ology was the all-important centre round which the clerical satellites revolved. His arms, his legs, his gown, and his Sir Pertinax Macsycophant "boos" were all there, and were all well displayed. So long as Mr. Burder is allowed to be director-general and chief actor in these consecration ceremonies, the clergy have no chance. Why do not our snubbed clerics summon up courage enough to remind the Bishop that a consecration is a religious service, and beg him not to degrade their churches to the dead level of a lawyer's office? The congregation was

*See advertisement in last week's *Courier*.

a good one; the sermon was as mediocre as the last one we heard Canon Richson deliver, and the clergy who ambled through what was called "the procession" wore the usual unctuous or else totally indifferent expression common to such occasions. The collection realised some forty pounds, and the collectors, though 'prentice hands, did not disgrace their order by looking one whit less self-pleased and condescendingly benignant than their more experienced brethren are accustomed to look. "A poet is born, not made;" and so it must be with collectors. Not every one is born to be able or fit to hand round the box or bag. Special gifts are necessary. Peculiar placidity of countenance, or stern rigidity of feature, an insinuating style of handing the plate, or an authoritative pass-me-by-without-a-shilling-at-least-if-you-dare look. The success of the collection depends almost more on the collectors than it does on the preacher, and as the collection was so good on Saturday fortnight, the collectors must have been good, too.

The church itself demands a few words. Mr. Medland Taylor is the architect, and it is at once his best and his worst work. For general external boldness of effect it far surpasses any church he has built, but, when the interior and the details are examined, it will be found sadly wanting. All the eccentricities or Tayloresques which we quarrel with in St. Gabriel's, St. Stowell's, and St. Matthew's, will be detected here. The false depth given to the window sills by the projection of the stone, the plaster arches, the deadly-smooth walls, rendered sickly by pallid coats of ever-changing colour-wash, the puny pillars, and the painfully weak roof, are all here. For the £6,000 this church has cost, one much more effective might have been built. Even preserving every outline of the present design, by avoiding eccentric and extravagant plainnesses, all the arches and a great portion of the interior might have been real. The bell turret holds the bell effectually—indeed, so effectually that it cannot be rung, and the school bell yet does service for the church. On this bell tower some ten pounds more than the amount named in the contract has been spent. The "gifts" to the church add materially to its general effect. The pulpit given by Miss Lupton, and the chancel wood-work, comprise the only good work in the whole church. The brass lectern and the font cover are both presents. The latter is said to have cost ten pounds. We cannot believe it. Two pounds would be nearer the mark. The damp has already begun its leprous work with the walls. Even its stains are somewhat of a relief to their deadness. Even as plaster, the plaster has been wrongly treated. Commonplace stencillings are all that can be looked for in the way of decoration. The Church of the Ascension will never rank above an ordinary second, or even third-rate, nineteenth century church.

CRICKETING NOTES AND QUERIES.

Who are the most elegant cricketers out? The three Graces, of course.

Who must be considered their equal? Why Par(r), to be sure.

The Right man in the right place—Mr. Wright at the wickets.

Last Saturday week, during the match at Longsight, Wagsby of that club having got well on to the Broughton slow bowling, was heard to remark, "The labour we delight in physics Payne!" It appears, however, that cracking jokes simultaneously with defending wickets is not compatible, for the words were no sooner out of Wagsby's mouth than the bowler had his revenge by Aunt Sallying him.

The gentlemen continue to make heavy scores. Mr. W. G. Grace's figures this season are beyond all precedent. In this county, Mr. Hornby has been conspicuously excellent, and Mr. Makinson has been doing very good work in numerous matches. Mr. Bousfield got three figures in one innings this season. Mr. F. W. Wright has been in tremendous form, and Mr. E. B. Rowley (affectionately called "Salmon" by his familiars, from his early predilection for that fish) has made some very heavy scores. His elder brother "Alick," who is at once a lawyer, a cotton spinner, a county magistrate, a cricketer, and a gentleman, continues to be very destructve with his left-handed bowling. An interesting two days' match will be played this week at Old Trafford, between the Manchester and Broughton Elevens, when it is to be hoped that a keen and friendly contest between these two leading clubs will be brought to a conclusion, and that the best men on both sides will turn out. We were surprised, no—we have ceased to be surprised at anything—we were disgusted to learn that some old women, of both sexes, had been grumbling at, if not expostulating with, the Rev. F. W. Wright for playing cricket. We hope that such maunderings will be to that gentleman what the Apostle said Christianity was to the Greeks. More power to his elbow, say we. The other day, he and Mr. E. B. Rowley scored ninety-two in one hour against the Birkenhead Park Club, so severe was the hitting. Mr. Rowley's score amounted to eighty-eight. The following catch, after a familiar old song, has been composed in honour of the bowler and batsmen:—

Franky would a batting go;
Heigh ho! says Rowley;
Whether his grannies would let him or no,
With my Rowley bowling, "Salmon's" big innings,
Sing hey for my Wright and my Rowley!

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

THE general effect of the elaborate decorations which are just completed at this theatre is to make it look more like a theatre, and less like a drawing-room, than it did before. Where it was chaste, it is now rich. Where it was pretty, it is now gorgeous. To declare it the handsomest theatre in England is a pardonable hyperbole—so luxurious are its embellishments; but, of course, it is not anything like equal to the *Gaiety*—the matter of size and construction, irrespective of adornment, rendering this impossible. The general tone of the decorations does, however, remind one of that queen of English theatres; and the only slight exception we can take is to one or two instances in which the model—if it has been a model—is departed from. Had a clump of thin, round, glittering pillars, at each side of the proscenium, been substituted for the somewhat bald, flat columns which now flank it, the effect would have been better; unless, indeed, the low height would have given them a stunted look. We suppose the architect knows best. The curtains of the private boxes strike us as a shade too bright—a fault, if it be one, time will remedy; and the frieze appears to flatten Master Shakespere's head against the top; and the decorations make the curtain look a trifle dirty. The slight addition made to the width of the proscenium will give a little more room for Shakesperian revivals, without depriving the stage of that compactness which so eminently fits it for domestic drama and comedy of manners; and the addition of a third visible tier has given the theatre a substantiality it never had before. What particularly pleases us is that the quality of cosiness, in which the Prince's always contrasted so conspicuously with the Royal, has not been marred by the enlargements. It is still as great a pleasure to sit in this theatre—to say nothing of performances—as it is a martyrdom to sit in the other. Manchester is to be congratulated on the possession of a management so liberal as previous conduct shows and present confirms. We now possess two theatres whose beauty may fearlessly challenge comparison with any other two in any other town.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Every anecdote we hear regarding the Princess of Wales confirms the estimate which the late Lady Duff Gordon formed of the girlish simplicity and honesty of her manners, on the occasion of the Prince and Princess's visit to her Nile-boat. It cost us a momentary pang when we heard that her royal highness had gleefully exclaimed that Hull was seven times better than Manchester; but, as the reason assigned for the Princess's preference was the meeting with a number of her own countrymen—"friends to this ground, and liegemen to the Dane"—we are bound to admit that her partiality was justifiable. Some few seasons back, when passing through Edinburgh, the Prince and Princess were entertained at luncheon by the Lord Provost, at his villa. While strolling through the ornamental grounds with the wife of the chief magistrate, the Princess is reported to have said, "I understand you were not always in the same circumstances as at present;" but, fancying she detected that this remark caused her hostess some embarrassment, she quickly added, "It is just the same with myself; it is very pleasant

for those who have not always been accustomed to such things to be surrounded by so many beautiful objects."

LANCASHIRE *v.* WARWICKSHIRE.

The success of our county cricketers does not increase with the advance of the season. They have been defeated in four consecutive matches. On the occasion of their last attempt, in a game played last week by the Gentlemen of Lancashire against the Gentlemen of Warwickshire, the beating was a hopelessly hollow one. When, a short time ago, a similar match played in Warwickshire ended in a "draw," so much against us as to be equivalent to a defeat, some consolation was found in the consideration that the Lancashire eleven was a particularly poor one, and it was argued, with some show of reason, that it was highly improbable the return match would be so disastrous in its termination. These hopeful anticipations were not, however realised, for Warwickshire won with one innings and nearly a hundred runs to spare. The principal cause of this unpleasant state of things was not difficult to discover. Whilst Warwickshire had two excellent bowlers, Lancashire had none. Though in the single innings of the Warwickshire, at least eight of the Lancashire eleven were tried, their attempts were weak and ineffective. In the absence of Mr. Appleby, there does not seem to be a gentleman of Lancashire who has any claims to be considered an effective bowler. Fortune seemed (at any rate on this occasion) to have deserted Mr. A. B. Rowley, and the "slows" of Mr. Wright were inefficient. The fielding, too, was by no means extraordinarily good. Even the batting, which should have been the strong point in the play of the Lancashire team, was of an extremely moderate character. Cannot something be done to widen the circuit from which the county players are chosen? Though the match was called a county one, nine of the gentlemen were local players, several of whom were as much out of place in a county eleven as a cab horse would be in a race for the Derby.

NEW MANCHESTER ARCHITECTURE.

The new warehouse in Portland Street, by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, is a great architectural acquisition to our city. Indeed, take it for all in all, we are disposed to think Mr. Waterhouse never designed a nobler work. The style is rather Flemish, and reminds one of much of the old work to be found in Scotland. Its beauty, too, is a beauty entirely independent of ornamentation. The charm lies in the building itself and its simple grandeur. Unfortunately it will not always be as prominently seen as it is at present, and it is so good that we grudge losing sight of any portion of it. If it has any failings they are these: the oriel windows lack the grace of the similar windows in the new Town Hall, or that by Messrs. Speakworth and Charlesworth at the Clarendon Club, and the basement story, with its rough, rock-faced stonework, is not in harmony with the glorious work above it. Another important building—Brooks's Bank in Brown-street—has just been completed. We ought almost to apologize to Mr. Waterhouse for mentioning Mr. Truefit's composition in the same breath with the Portland-street building, but the two buildings are such opposites that we cannot well avoid contrasting them. In the one case, beauty is unadorned, and in the other ugliness is overloaded with meretricious ornament. We had heard of Mr. Truefit as an architect pre-eminent for producing great effect with little money. In Brooks's Bank he has, at a great cost, produced no effect but oppressive, vulgar heaviness.

THE SALFORD SCANDALS.

We cannot too strongly express our dislike of the course of conduct adopted by those members of the Salford Council who have assailed the exposers of the gas-tar and Peel Park scandals. Instead of devoting their speeches to a defence of the existing state of things, some of them have done nothing but endeavoured to bring odium upon their opponents. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about "base insinuations," and "shameful accusations," against men who have "served the corporation thirty-five years." An insinuation cannot justly be called "base," or an accusation "shameful," until it has been proved to be false; and there is no reason why a man should have an immunity against righteous retribution, simply because he has borne a good character for thirty-five years. It is quite possible to conceive of a man who has nominally served the corporation for that period, who has really served nobody but himself during twice that period; in which case, the length of his connection with the corporation would only be an aggravation of his offence. We protest against men being stigmatised simply because they have had the pluck to assail a respectability. Too many respectabilities are rotten, to render an attack "shameful." We cannot better show that thus to slander courage is the special plea of a retained advocate, who defends what is attacked without regard to right or wrong, than by remarking that the same poor plea was urged by counsel at the late assizes more than once.

THE HAYMARKET COMPANY.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SOME years ago it was our lot to hear that there was in preparation, at the country theatres of the eastern counties, a young actress who was to eclipse all rivals. At the achievements and good qualities of ladies then upon the London stage, our informant smiled with an air of calm superiority of knowledge. He thought he knew a glory in conception that was to outshine them all. In vain we urged the cleverness of Marie Wilton, the grace of Louisa Angell, the naturalness of Nelly Moore—in none of them so much as in Madge Robertson would he believe. In answer to our incredulity, he produced a photograph of himself—an amateur—as Joseph Surface and Miss Robertson as Lady Teazle, and two newspapers, which rapturously praised them both. Alas, photography had not done justice to nature, and we had long since given up believing newspapers. At length Miss Robertson appeared in London: we beheld her there; and in remembrance of our friend—whom the eternal revolution of things soon carried out of our path—we have always looked upon her with unusual interest. We believe we have seen her in every part that she has played since we first beheld her on that wooden wilderness which is the stage of Drury Lane; but, much as we admired her, we never understood the ecstacies with which she had inspired our friend so fully as we did on Saturday night last.

As Viola, in *Twelfth Night*, she was excellent, and described the maid who never told her love most beautifully; but she was much too lively, her gestures were a little ungainly, and her dress did not very well become her. As Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, her high spirits were in keeping with the character, and all her costumes suited her remarkably. It was, we are informed, the first time she ever played the part, which will be one of her greatest impersonations. Though Shakespere called his pastoral poem *As You Like It*, it is really *Rosalind*, the prankish princess, who, disguised in the green doublet of a forester, meets with her lover in the forest, and makes sport of his passion. To the responsibility of this important part, which is the play itself, Miss Robertson was fully equal; and with that self-abandonment which is art consummated, lost herself and became the heroine so completely as to render all the other characters, well impersonated as they were, subsidiary to her—which is the highest praise we know how to award her. True, Mr. Howe was melancholy Jaques. True, Mr. Rogers was the banished Duke. True, Mr. Chippendale was Adam. True, Mr. Compton was Touchstone. True, Mr. Clark—as great a genius in his miniatures as Mr. Chippendale and Mr. Compton in their life-size portraits, and in his making-up as in his acting—was William, simple rustic as he is, even to the very finest film of the conception of the poet. True, Mr. Kendal played the early portion of Orlando's part with dignity and grace. True, Miss Gwynne's Celia may be bracketed, for elocutionary merit, with Miss Hill's Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*. True, Miss Wright's Silvius atoned for her Miss

Blandford, in *Speed the Plough*. True, Mrs. Fitzwilliam was Audrey to the very ideal. True, all played together with an evenness that made the play glide on as smoothly as *Twelfth Night* glided on before it, and as *Speed the Plough* did not. But Jaques, and Duke, and Adam, and Touchstone, and William, and Orlando, and Celia, and Silvius, and Audrey—aye, and all together—are subservient to Rosalind; and Miss Robertson *was* Rosalind. She it was whose merry spirits and unflagging energy filled out the poet's dream, as wind fills out a sail; and bore the pastoral along, like a ship under weigh, which the solid merit of the others only ballasted. Or was she on the stage or was she not, after the doublet was once donned, the lively confidence of her presence was never absent from the eye, and the rattling music of her voice ceased not to echo in the ear. The audience could not help but catch the infection of her liveliness, and to the continual accompaniment of involuntary cheers, gathering life as she proceeded, as a racer gathers speed from running and from spur—and what spur like applause?—she went on in triumphant gallop, till the audience so far forgot itself as to commit the barbarism of recalling her in the middle of a scene. *As You Like It* is a fuller story than the sketchy tale which is the poetic part of *Twelfth Night*, and there are no drunken carpet knights to drag your spirit down to very gross reality indeed; so that it makes itself felt as a poem much more readily, and does not oppress you quite so much with its impossibilities. But these are too conspicuous for anything but first-class acting to make tolerable. Nevertheless, Miss Robertson's appearance, and her confidence—which is so real as to lose all sign of itself, and to seem naturalness—enable you not to have too vivid a sense of the grand absurdity of Rosalind's not being recognised, but being mistaken for a man by her own lover, and her buoyant spirits float you over minor improbabilities. The climax of her self-abandonment was reached in her superb delivery of the song, "When daisies pied," which is not in the piece, and had no right to be inserted. We scarcely think that even Shakespere would have such a song put in the mouth of Rosalind. It certainly is not calculated to add to Orlando's ecstacies, when he discovers that the seeming youth who entered with such spirit into it is the maiden he so passionately loves. But we suppose Miss Robertson thought Shakespere had put quite enough into the mouth of Rosalind to do away with all idea of her being a desirable person for a wife, and to make her singing of a song that "doesn't become a young woman" not a matter of much moment; and, truth to say, we quite agree with Miss Robertson. Rosalind must have been a very shady character. To the singing of the song, in respect of executive merit, nothing but the highest praise can be awarded. It was a pity that its effect should be done away with by an encore. This was the crisis of the audacious phase of the character, but the gentler and more sentimental traits were equally well rendered—the swooning being especially well done, but the "counterfeiting" after it a trifle over-done. We think Miss Robertson has formed an incorrect conception of the speech of Rosalind to the usurping Duke, about treason and traitors, which she delivers quite defiantly. There may be a covert taunt in the word "traitor," but we think the speech should be delivered deprecatingly. Miss Robertson makes use of her amusedly contemptuous little laugh at the end of too many of Rosalind's remarks, and that vile pun about "crying hem" and "having him" should in pity be excised. All the rest of her performance is merit.

But does it leave a pleasant impression upon the mind? No. Yet the fault is not the artist's, but the author's. What is Rosalind but an etherealised Grand Duchess—if such a character can be etherealised—and what is Orlando but a poetical Fritz? To make an effective female character, the laws of nature are reversed; the woman woos the man, and the result offends. It is not Mr. Kendal's fault that in the forest scenes Orlando is a nincompoop, with whom the audience has not any sympathy, in whom it has lost all the interest the first few scenes arouse. The man is degraded, that the woman may be elevated, not in honour—abased in that—but in conspicuousness. And so, while we do homage to the hundred glorious bits of poetry, wit, and wisdom, in the play, we deny its plot to be artistic. Much of the dialogue—though not so much as of the dialogue of *Twelfth Night*—is poor, now (if not always) unintelligible, and inapt. Mention ought to be made of the commendable manner in which Mr. Compton smothered many of the grossnesses of Touchstone. Why he does so, we don't know. None of them are so offensive as an equivoque he plumps out in his part of Mawworm. We suppose we must give up the riddle, and be thankful. We should also mention that the scenery was not so odious as it usually is, one set piece being bright and clean enough to provoke a few kindly-disposed persons to applause—a demonstration which was sternly repressed by an audience smarting under former injuries.

Upon the whole, the two Shakesperian plays have been amongst the best performed of all those in the repertory of the company; but they arouse in the mind a feeling of devout thankfulness to fortune that plays now-a-days bear some faint semblance to nature, and that contemporary dramatists do not habit women in men's clothes. No doublet could have become a woman better than Miss Robertson's became her in the Forest of Arden, yet its tasteful piquancy cannot be compared to the stately beauty of the costume she exchanges for it.

It is whispered that the bridal costume worn by Rosalind last Saturday evening was strictly appropriate to a part played by Miss Robertson last Saturday morning. Certainly there must have been some extraneous cause for the extraordinary vivacity with which she played her evening part, and it is one of Mr. Buckstone's best jokes that his theatre is the most marrying one in London. It is also said that, in the character of Mr. Grimston, at St. Saviour's Church, a bridegroom, Mr. Kendal gave fresh proof of his versatility. The friendly critic of a contemporary assures us that our treatment of this gentleman "has given rise to the very erroneous impression that a personal spite and animus is at work." We shall be glad if this remark is as incorrect—of course, unwittingly—as the same critic's announcement that Miss Robertson made her first appearance on the stage in 1866, and his strange assertion that Mr. Kendal has not a vestige of moustache upon his face. If it is correct, we thank those persons who charge us with personal spite—in criticisms in which praise has always predominated—for informing us of a fact of which we were entirely ignorant; and we hope that they will kindly permit us to offer our congratulations to Mr. Kendal on an event which is doubly gratifying, as it seems it will not deprive the public of the pleasure of Miss Robertson's continued presence on the stage.

FROM MARTIAL.

[*To a fellow who was always boasting he could write poetry, but never did. Martial seems to rally him thus:—"You say you can; why don't you? (Because you can't). A man who can, but declines to do so,* i.e., *withstands the temptation, is a man indeed."*]

You've oft affirmed that you're a poet:
Then why not write? You say you *can*.—
Of course (how stupid not to know it!)
You can, but WON'T. Heroic man!

NORTHEN CHURCHYARD.

So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid),
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid.
FRANCIS QUARLES.

Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs.
SHAKESPERE'S RICHARD THE SECOND.

THE church and churchyard of the village of Northen is a charming picture of perfect rural peace. To the weary and work-worn citizen of Manchester, who would be a recluse for an afternoon, the quiet of Northen is almost monastic, and he may there forget for awhile the problems that are always breaking the hearts of the busy, and making it what Wordsworth calls "this unintelligible world." We were sauntering there the other day, and wandered alone around and around the church, and among the quiet graves, with a kind of sweet and solemn pleasure.

It stands on a softly sloping knoll that rolls like a green wave from the banks of the river Mersey, and is girdled by green valleys and dim woods, and the soft purple of distant hills. The church has a pleasant and rugged beauty. It is old and simple, and has a broad low tower. The stones with which it is built are hewn and ploughed by the storms of hundreds of winters, and are much cemented and repaired by serviceable churchwardens of the pre-artistic period. There was never very much about this very venerable edifice to mend in the way of architectural beauty, but it is massive, and quaint, and simple, and sacred, with the slow sculpturing of age. The stones of the low wall that girdles the churchyard, have been so eaten away by time that the soft grit has hollowed itself, and left the hard round pebbles in bold relief like geological plums in a geological pudding. And so in the low porch where the big grey blocks of stone have been worn by the winds and rains of ages, till every touch of the mason's chisel has been obliterated, and nature restores the wave-tracery made by the tides of everlasting ocean. These sea-made and delicate arabesques, flowing on the rocky surfaces of old world buildings, and revealing themselves to the tears of centuries of tempest, possess, wherever they may be, a curious and pathetic beauty. At Northen Church, the wearing of the weather from the north has bared the veins of the stones distinctly, which, with the faint green haze of lichen, makes them look like a rough and variegated marble. Over the north entrance, a tablet records that the church was repaired in 1824. Messrs. the churchwardens did not repair the faces of saints and gorgons carved high up about the tower. Hydra or cherub can terrify or charm no longer. The inexorable winds and rain have made bare and uncouth bosses of them all. "Where be your gibes now?" The chancel end is a conglomerate of churchwarden mending and such rough grace as the stormy winds bestow. The chancel window is sheltered by a wire screen, doubtless to save the richly-dight stories of a stained glass window from the errant pebbles of the Northen school-boy. Taken altogether, Northen Church has no æsthetic pretensions about it, but it possesses the venerable beauty of old age. It is the country church of Gray's *Elegy*. In the tender quiet and silence in which it reposes, one wonders how it can have become so worn and wrinkled, and, as a mason might say, "out of plumb." But in a quiet hour we do not remember the roaring war and whirlwind of the elements, nor the powers that besiege and subdue mountains. The little birds were building their castles up in the tower, and whistling their small ecstacies over their work, just as a Pugin, or a Ruskin, or a Millais might do; but somehow the quiet is all the deeper for the birds, and if one had to speak it would be in a whisper. It is "the deep dream of peace" of Abou Ben Adhem.

And yet what an image of unpeacefulness is the great yew tree by the tower. Tennyson's "Yew, with its thousand years of gloom," may be mournful, but it is serene; but this is black and leafless, and looks thunder-blasted. Riven of all its world of greenery, its gaunt and gloomy arms outstretched against the quiet sky, it is a more awful ruin than anything made by man could ever be. If it were right, one would look for the apparition of the "black midnight hags," who did the deed without a name. It is the Giant Despair of the vegetable world. One looks at its preternatural nakedness with a strange interest. Its great gnarled and knotty bole is a world of curvature and sinew. The big skeleton arms seem made of the twisted strands of steel of which guns are made. The rugged bole might be made of molten lava, with millions of knotted rings and blistering bosses. The spectre would be less awful had it never been alive. One wonders why the churchwardens don't dig a big grave for it and bury it. It is the most terrible of *Memento Mori*. How old is it? Has it died before its time? Guessing roundly, we should say it was planted when the Great Earl of Warwick was King-maker—remembering that the yews of the Abbey of Fountains are more than twelve centuries old; that the yew at Fortingal, in Perthshire, is more than twice that age; that the Brabourn yew, in Kent, is three thousand years old; and finally, that at Hedsor, in Bucks, is three hundred years older still. In other words, this Hedsor yew was planted when Hercules had scarcely emerged from the Greek mythology, and was before Homer and "the tale of Troy divine." If that be so, this ghostly tree at Northen has not died fairly. It has been murdered.

We sometimes think that the "long-drawn aisles" of minsters and cathedrals are not more fruitful of tranquil and noble teaching than the churchyard where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." We like to saunter by these village graves, and indulge in such tender melancholy as may come from the perusal of the stories of life and death around. The village of Northen itself, lying sleepily and silently around the tower end of the church, is usually so still that one might easily suppose it to serve for sepulchral uses, and that the inhabitants *(out* of the graveyard), allured by the rural beauty around, had pleasantly chosen to be buried above-ground.

The graves at Northen are many, and of many generations. In a corner on the south side of the tower, amid much green ivy, and with a wreath upon it made of yew and faded holly, is a gravestone bearing a name not unfamiliar to Manchester. It reads—

In memory of Absalom Watkin, who died December 16, 1861; aged 74 years. Also of Elizabeth, his wife, who died Jan. 29, 1866; aged 75 years. Also the infant son of Alfred and Hester Ann Watkin.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away:
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The old English title of "yeoman" has gone out of fashion, but one meets with it at Northen. George Baxter, of Cheadle, died so lately as 1851, aged 67, and his rank is duly recorded on his gravestone. Robert Walker, of Brownley Green, *yeoman*, who died in 1806, aged 83 years. The same gravestone shows that Hannah, the wife of Robert Walker, died twenty-four years earlier, aged 26. One cannot help noticing that, although Robert Walker, yeoman, died twenty-four years later than his young wife, he was yet thirty-three years older than she was when they were married. The poor yeoman's grief took the form of poetry, carved upon the gravestone, and is in this wise:—

Kind angels watch this sleeping dust,
Till Jesus comes to raise the just.
Then may she wake in sweet surprize,
And in her Saviour's image rise.

Tennyson would have written it differently, perhaps; but there is in it a rude tenderness and imagination not without a pathos of its own. A contemplative fancy may picture this sorrow-stricken yeoman of fifty-nine dropping "some natural tears" on the newly-made grave of his "child-wife," over whose "sleeping dust" he might, perhaps, well believe "kind angels would be willing and kindred sentinels. At the head of this poor yeoman's grave is another which tells a not less remarkable story. James Royle, of Chorlton, died in 1801, aged 77; while his wife, Martha, died exactly fifty years before, "in the 22nd year of her age." One wonders if that old man of seventy-seven retained a vivid recollection of his bride of twenty-two? In old churchyards, in town or country, we are always met by the apparition of the scourge, Consumption. On the gravestone of Elizabeth Massey, who died in 1776, there appears this poetical inscription:—

A pale consumption gave the fatal blow:
The stroke was certain, though the effect was slow.
With wasting pain Death found me long opprest,
Pity'd my sighs, and kindly brought me rest.

There was another yeoman of Brownley Green buried in 1763, one Thomas Chadwick. Where is Cringle Brook? One John Burgess, of that place, aged 84, was buried here in 1802. But where is "Pound Sack?" An inscription, cut in a quaint kind of italic letter, on a stone at the porch entrance, relates that Henry Gibbon, of Pound Sack, was buried there in 1698. Near this is the grave of "Ellin wife of Robert Leigh of Etchells, Minister, Jany ye 5 day Ann: Dom: 1675." The mutations of rank and social position may be sometimes traced on a tombstone. There may be observed here a larger family vault, brass-

plated, belonging to a family named Whitelegge, of Yewtree. A Whitelegge who died in 1803, aged 65, is called yeoman. The last Whitelegge who died in 1847, aged 83, appears to have risen to the rank of "gentleman." But that is a small matter in our days of remarkable personal vicissitude. But there are many Whitelegges buried here. There is one of Myrtle Grove, and Ashton-upon-Mersey, and a son of William and Mary Whitelegge, of the Yewtree, "gentleman," and a little child of two years, who died in 1793, and who is commemorated in this dirge, cut in brass:

Nipt in thine Earliest blossoms loveliest Bloom
Thou poor selected victim of the Tomb.
Soon hast thou measured out thy little span
While yet thine infant course had yet Began.

The comparative longevity of members of the same family is sometimes extraordinary. In this instance there is a Whitelegge who died at Liverpool, aged 31, and a Thomas Waitelegge, of Manchester, merchant, who died in 1812, aged 35. The "yeoman" was 65, and the "gentleman" 82. One at Liverpool, who, it may be presumed, was in trade, at 31; and the Manchester merchant at 35. Long life is clearly associated with pastoral pursuits, if one may reason from somewhat scanty premises.

How keenly and deeply parents hang over the memories of their dead little ones we all know, and it is often seen in the costly garniture lavished on their graves. Parents have a touching distrust of their own power to paint the anguish of their bereavement, and it must needs be told in verse. A child of William and Elizabeth Butler, who died at Liverpool, aged 15 months, is thus mourned:

Sweet little flower thy bloom is fled,
And thou art numbered with the dead:
Short was thy stay with us below,
And we were loth to let thee go.

Poor mother! We know that better than your bard can tell us. It is usually over the young that the poet places his very humble lines of lamentation, and yields

The meed of a melodious tear.

John and Ellen Garnett, of Northen Etchells, deplore their daughter of 22 years:

Read thesse few lines and mark them well,
At Twenty-two Years of Age she fell:
In beauty bright and splendour gay,
So blooms, so falls the Flowers of May;
In her let youth and beauty see,
And so prepare to follow me.

Twenty-two seems always to have been a favourite age for the "insatiate archer." Thomas, Son of William Jackson, of Sharston, died at 22, in 1764. One gravestone offers this unusual contrast. John Boswell, aged 24, and Alice Goodier, aged 93. The muse has rarely wept over so brief a life as that of the babe who was "Born and Died, October 1st, 1837."

Poor babe! She glanced into our world to see
A sample of our misery,
Then turned away her languid eye,
To drop a tear or two, and—die.
The cup of life just to her lips she pressed,
Found the taste bitter, and refused the rest:
Sweet babe! No more, but Seraph now,
Before the throne behold her bow.
Adore the grace that brought her there,
Without a wish, without a care;
That washed her soul in Calvary's stream,
That shortened life's distressing dream.
Short pain—short grief—dead babe, was thine,
Now joys eternal and divine.

Many Shelmerdines are buried at Northen. They have no fewer than five graves. An Elisha Shelmerdine, of Kennerdy, yeoman, died in 1805, and the wife of an Elisha died in 1768, aged 75. Elisha seems to be a favourite family name. We have wondered before where Pound Sack was. There is a John Walmsley, of Pound Sack, here. The philosophic observer has sometimes occasion to marvel at the circumstance that all the children of parents who themselves live to a good round age die almost in infancy. Here is an example of this: Northen Thomas Jenkinson, of Northenden, yeoman, died at 63. His wife died at 81; "Salley," his daughter, at 6; another child at 5; another at 4; and another 1 year old. Were these what registrars-general call "accidental" deaths, and due to the errant scourge of typhus and scarlatina?

One Jenkinson, on an adjoining gravestone, speaks thus of his wife, who died in 1808, at the age of 38.

The best of women lies beneath this stone,
Too good to live on Earth, to Heaven she's gone.

There is an old stone, much worn by the feet of later generations, inscribed all in capital letters, and arranged in double columns:—"Here lyeth the body of Alice Ryle, wife of Reginald Ryle, of Woodhouse Lane, May 25, 1690." Then comes Reginald Ryle, of *the* Woodhouse Lane, 1692. Reginald is an old name in England. Deals is an uncommon name. This appears on a quaint headstone, clumsily cut: "James Deals, 1757, and Thomas Deals of Northen, 1762." All old churchyards have particular corners where the lettered slabs miss the trituration of wandering footsteps. In Northen, this spot is on the east side of the porch, sheltered from north and west, comparatively little weather worn, but green and mossy. Nature *will* mock at man's memorial of his own life, and is ever hiding the generations. The green moss deepens century by century, and slowly mantles what the storm spares. This mossy stone tells its story in quaint capitals, and in double column:

Anne Wife of William Siddall was buried the 16th day of March Anno. dom. 1661	William Siddall was buried 28 day of Januarie Anno dom: 1669

Near the porch, and ranging in a row up to the church window, are five stones inscribed with the name of Baxter—Baxters of Gatley, yeomen, an old family. Thomas Baxter, Dec. 13, 1685. The Baxters, like many others here, have deplored their losses in verse. On John Baxter, Esq., of Brook Lodge, Cheadle, who died Oct. 1858, age 60, it is written:

A hoary head is a crown of glory if
Found in the way of righteousness.

John Baxter, who died at 12, and a Thomas Baxter, at 28, thus seek to assuage the sorrows of survivors:

Oh mourn not here, our parents dear,
For us pray be content
Our time is run our Glasses? done
Our God has for us sent
Then cease your tears for our young years
And from your sins refrain
— — may meet when God thinks fit
To our souls' endless gain.

The Baxters have not all died young, but have had fair leases of life. Thomas Baxter, of Gatley, Yeoman, died at 70, in 1763, and his wife in 1751, aged 50. Of their six children, Martha, their daughter died 1729, aged 9 months; John, aged 56; Thomas, 54; Robert, 69; Alice, 69; Mary, 89.

The Worthingtons (of Kenardy) of whom there are many in Northen churchyard, have a quaint frank record for the eye of the passer by. Thus: "Here lyeth the body of John Worthington and Elizabeth his wife who were both taken from us in a good old age. She on Thursday 20 Feb. 1729 and he on Friday 25 June 1742." The Worthington inscriptions have a certain well-rounded, sonorous, and Johnsonian completeness. As thus:—"John Worthington, of whom it is said that his behaviour was such as gained him the greatest esteem, and consequently his death became a Publick loss which happened on the 12th day of April 1754 in the 67 year of his age, having been a generous benefacter to the parish." There is a tomb of the Worthingtons of Sharston Hall, and another beside it, on which is written, Mary Frances Worthington. Born Oct 22, 1839. Died Aug. 28, 1859. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Perhaps the most beautiful tomb in the churchyard is that which is the resting place of Martha Long, of Hough End Hall, Withington, aged 15 years. There are several lovely graves, where flowers are the only tribute and the only poetry. On one of these, situate in a nook near the Rectory, was a cross of green box, with a bunch of tender colour made of violets and primroses.

Very near, yet very far from, the roar and tumult of busy Manchester the church and graves of Northen sleep through the seasons and the centuries; while flowing below, ever and ever, through green meadows and orchards and blooming gardens, the Mersey goes on its everlasting journey to the sea.

G. TWIGG'S Patent Corkscrews. The most powerful ever invented, and being provided with a patent India-rubber pad, which forms an elastic cushion for the neck, they are warranted not to break the bottle.
Manufactory: 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.—Sold by all Ironmongers.

PRO MORTUIS.

By Francis Turner Palgrave.

What should a man desire to leave?
A flawless work; a noble life;
Some music harmonised from strife;
Some finish'd thing, ere the slack hands at eve
Drop, should be his to leave.

One gem of song, defying age;
A hard-won fight; a well-work'd farm;
A law, no guile can twist to harm;
Some tale, as our lost Thackeray's, bright, or sage
As the just Hallam's page.

Or, in life's homeliest, meanest spot,
To strike the circle of his years
A perfect curve through joys and tears,
Leaving a pure name to be known or not;
This is a true man's lot.

He dies; he leaves the deed or name
A gift for ever to his land,
In trust to Friendship's guardian hand,
Bound 'gainst all adverse shocks to keep his fame
Or to the world proclaim.

But the imperfect thing or thought—
The fervid yeastiness of youth,
The dubious doubt, the twilight truth,
The work that for the passing day was wrought,
The schemes that came to nought,

The sketch half-way 'twixt verse and prose
That mocks the finish'd picture true,
The splinters whence the statue grew,
The scaffolding 'neath which the palace rose,
The vague abortive throes

And crudities of joy or gloom;
In kind oblivion let them be!
Nor has the dead worse foe than he
Who rakes these sweepings of the artist's room,
And piles them on his tomb.

Ah, 'tis but little that the best,
Frail children of a fleeting hour,
Can leave of perfect fruit or flower!
Ah, let all else be graciously suppressed
When man lies down to rest!

Spectator.

A debating club lately discussed the important question, "Whether a cock's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct?"

Art Criticism and Critics.—The Rev. S. J. Tyrwhitt contributed to a recent number of the *Contemporary Review* a really capital and amusing paper upon "Skilled and Literary Art-Criticism." Mr. Tyrwhitt finds that criticism of pictures is of three kinds—skilled, literary, and commercial. The latter, which is ruled by the tone of the market and by other accidents, is beneath notice. The general purport of the article is to attempt to assign to skilled art-criticism its proper place. Mr. Tyrwhitt very truly says that the number of artists who have general culture and literary capacity, as well as the power to paint pictures, is much greater than it was. Mr. Ruskin is a painter, a thinker, and a splendid writer. Mr. D. G. Rossetti is a painter and a poet. Mr. William Morris is, again, a painter and a poet. Of Mr. Hammerton perhaps the same might be said; but, at all events, he is an admirable writer. Mr. Tyrwhitt is, it appears, an artist, as well as an essayist; and he, also, has written poetry. The points to be chiefly noticed are these: Literary criticism of pictures, such, for instance, as that of Mr. Bernard Cracroft upon Mr. Hunt's "Isabel," last year, has generally, and may always have, a value of its own. But, from the very nature of the case, *skilled* criticism must have an unapproachable value of its own.

WHAT IS A PERSIFLEUR?

[From "Echoes."]

If we were to invite a Feast of the Persifleurs, Canning, Praed, Will Waterproof, the late T. L. Peacock and Father Prout, and the living Mr. James Hannay and Mr. Frederick Locker, would, of course, be present. The name *persifleur* does not express all the characteristics, moral or otherwise, of men like these, but it will serve. The *persifleur* is not strictly a humourist, or strictly a wit, though he may have both wit and humour, or one of the two. The best humour is the light from a pair of lambent eyes, over a tender mouth; the best wit is the light from a pair of keener eyes, which seem much more conscious of the forehead above them than related to the mouth below them After all these fine words, we are at a loss to describe *persiflage*. But perhaps it is a mule—a cross between wit and humour; satire with the bitterness sweetened in wine. It is, however, not often a very contented sort of quality; it belongs to dissatisfied people, or people who have been crossed in love (the love may be of anything you please). It is neither so soft as humour nor so trenchant as wit. It has a jerk and a click with it, like a telegraph clock. It is only suited for swallow-flights of effort, and, in the hands even of a master, may soon become tiresome.

DEBT.

Talk as men will, debt is the only unpardonabile crime in society. No matter how or why committed, the penalty will be exacted to the uttermost. Hence the mean subterfuges, the cowardly shams, the poor culprit will be driven to, in the hope of hiding his hated secret. His temper may be soured, his honesty impaired, his health broken, his faith in high and holy truth almost brought to nought; and all the while those who note the change in the man shall be led by the pressure of every outward appearance to impute it to any cause except the right. That must be kept back at any cost, or there can be no hope of recovery. We rather admire than praise the shrewd pulpit orator, who, after exhausting every other topic in order to excite his hearers to some charitable contribution, ended by affectionately warning, those in his congregation who could not pay their creditors in full that it was their duty—their plain and indispensable duty—not to give what was not their own, but bravely to pass the plate at the door.

"The noise of the hammer at five in the morning will make your creditors wait six months longer." So writes Poor Richard, and, though his literary parent, Benjamin Franklin, was all that we detest as a charlatan in science, and a humbug in morals—his is the only way of getting out of the scrape that ever will be known; at least now the Bankruptcy Court is to be no longer open to impecunious gentlemen, who may be relieved on their own petition with secrecy and despatch. The remedy is no doubt a hard one, and, if the case be far gone, will do little good, save in restoring those who try it to virtue and self-respect It is the old prescription of Horace's weasel to the fieldmouse imprisoned in the barn:—"Lean you entered, you must come out as lean." In this instance, perhaps, a little leaner still. Never will self-denial, economy, industry have seemed to act so slowly, while here and their some unlooked-for check, or unexpected, though necessary, outlay shall have cast our slender saving for a while to the winds. It is no wonder that he who is deeply immersed in the dismal swamp is so rarely able to regain the bank. He drags on a pleasureless, moody, too often useless and degraded existence, and the receipt in full is held back till it reaches him at length where the servant is free from his master. There is no other remedy to be looked for by thousands of soul-smitten men around us, who have learnt all to late that prevention is here the only true cure, the firm, the spirit-bracing resolution to scorn luxury and ease, to live laborious days and late take rest, and bear it all cheerfully, if by any means the conscience can be kept clean, the hands unsullied by the plague-spots of debt.—*Globe.*

THE LANCASHIRE WATERING PLACES.

LYTHAM.

Visitors to Blackpool have the choice of several routes to Lytham—one by water, another by the way of the sands, a third by road, and a fourth by rail. The two latter can be made use of as often as trains run, and omnibuses get filled; but the utility of the others depends a good deal upon the state of the tide. All possess attractions peculiar to themselves. On the water, in addition to the fresh breeze, you have the excitement connected with dodging the sand banks in the estuary of the Ribble; the walk by the sands, if not too long—it is ten miles—cannot be equalled in the neighbourhood; and the road is as level and agreeable as it is possible for a road to be. As for the railway journey, its attraction may be mentioned in one word—rabbits. No honey-comb is more thickly peopled with bees than are the sandhills along the Blackpool and Lytham line with coneys; and so accustomed have the little animals become to the noise of the train, and to the shouts of passengers, that even the Latin of Bacon's witless scholar would fail to scare them. Many of them, however, like the stag that fed with its blind eye to the river, pay dear for their temerity, and only discover when it is too late the difference between the puff from the locomotive and that from a breach-loader.

One's first impression of Lytham—especially if its acquaintance is made early in the morning, before visitors show themselves—will very likely be that the place is vastly too good, and so to speak, "natty," for a popular resort. There is something about the stateliness of the houses and hotels, the beauty of the gardens, and the general repose marking the scene, which rather lead a stranger to believe that he has made a mistake, and instead of lighting upon a public watering place, has intruded upon some private preserve. To many, no doubt, this will be a greater recommendation for Lytham than any amount of description as to its natural advantages, and to the manner in which these have been improved and developed. But in neither respect is Lytham defective. Its situation, indeed, is most admirable. Just where the estuary of the Ribble is broadest, and where the sheltering hills at the back rise most prominently, the town is built, and built with a symmetry and harmony of detail to which none but the most modern of our watering place architecture can lay claim, In no part of the town is there the slightest appearance of cramping, and least of all on the promenade, where two miles of the finest walking ground on the west

coast is to be had. Only one fault has this promenade on a hot day—it is all sun and no shade. Nothing even so lofty as a shrub has been planted to give relief to exhausted walkers who wish to escape from the rays of a midday sun; and, notwithstanding the other fascinations of the locality, one cannot help wishing that the Commissioners, who have carried out everything else so admirably, had added a row of trees to the promenade, and enabled visitors to have something over their heads, which those who were imaginative enough might apostrophise as cool masses of shade. No watering place now-a-days is complete without a pier, and in this respect Lytham follows the general rule—boasting of a pier which is carried along the sands in a seaward direction for some nine hundred feet. This pier is of course attractive only when the tide is making or is at the full; on other occasions the water leaves the sands far beyond the pier-head quite bare. About a mile eastward from the town are some docks where vessels, bringing merchandise to the port of Preston, discharge their cargoes into smaller craft, which, drawing but little water, can navigate and pass the shallows.

SOUTHPORT.

Southport lies on the opposite bank of the Ribble, and is in other respects the antipodes of Lytham. The quietude and repose which mark the one spot are replaced in the other by all the bustle and life inseparable from a resident population of fifteen thousand and an army of visitors almost unlimited in extent. The immediate contiguity of Southport with Liverpool and other of the great centres of population in Lancashire, renders it a favourite resort in the summer months, and great care has been taken to cultivate a connection so promising to the welfare of the town. Not only is the promenade an excellent one, but the pier may, without exaggeration, be described as one of the finest in the kingdom. It is close on, if not quite, a mile in length, with a uniform width of twenty-four feet, and has on its west side a tramroad, along which passengers are conveyed from one end to the other on handsome open carriages, propelled by means of a stationary steam-engine. When the tide suits, bathing at Southport is unrivalled. Indeed, attention is said to have been first drawn to the superiority of Southport as a watering-place from the fact that many years ago the farmers and their families from the surrounding neighbourhood used to make an annual visitation to the site of the present town, and there plunge into the sea. This influx generally took place in the month of August, and the day is still known as "big bathing Sunday." The beach at Southport is somewhat flat, and when the tide recedes a vast expanse of shore is left firm and comparatively dry. Occasionally the sands are rather larger than there is any occasion for. In some conditions of the tide they are for days uncovered, but this, after all, is not without its advantage, for, whilst it somewhat detracts from the picturesque appearance of the river, the dry sands, by imbibing the moisture from the air, keep the place almost entirely free from fogs, and contribute to the mild climate for which Southport has been so long deservedly noted.

As to the town itself, the principal thoroughfare, formed of a number of continuous streets, upwards of a mile in length, resembles more one of the minor boulevards in Paris or Brussels than a highway at an English watering-place. Some seventy or eighty yards separate the houses on one side of this noble street from the houses on the other side, whilst an ample supply of trees, spacious lawns, and gardens impart quite a rural aspect to the scene. Next to the promenade and pier, the Hesketh Park comes in for the largest share of attention from visitors. It is placed almost at the outskirts of the town, and, in reaching it, many villas will be passed rivalling in decorative magnificence those of any town in England. The ground on which the park stands was the gift of the Rev. Chas. Hesketh, rector of North Meols, and one of the lords of the manor. There are thirty acres of it, and, to judge by its present luxuriant appearance—the lovely green of its turf, the beauty of its flowers—one would have difficulty in believing that, not many years ago, the ground was as barren as the rugged sand hills and swampy plains which yet surround it.—*Leeds Mercury.*

A woman in New Orleans was recently arrested for throwing a pail of boiling water over a man. Her defence was that she mistook him for her husband.

ABOVE THE LAW.—President Grant smoked in the Colosseum at Boston, and he was the only man as well who smoked on the "official" grounds at Annapolis. A sentry told him it was "against the rules." "I have suspended the rules," he replied, and puffed on.

A Scotchman having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him, that he might help himself. The master said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to your breakfast." "In troth, master," answered he, "a cheese of this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

DUTCH AND IRISH BULLS.—A Dutchman once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake, remarked, with a look of disappointment, "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me an' it's nathur of us" The Dutchman replied, "Yaw dat is dhru; I am anudrr man, and you is not yourself; we pe poth some other podies."

ONE FOR HIM,—A smatterer in letters, being at a well-known literary club, took it into his head to abuse, with great freedom, all the modern *literati*, observing that there was but very little wit, humour, or learning in the present age. Some time afterwards one of our most popular writers came into the room, when a gentleman told him how his friend had been abusing "the moderns" "I have not the least doubt of his ill-nature," said the author, "he would abuse the ancients too if he knew their names."

ABERNETHY AND LISTON.—With all his power of creating mirth and provoking laughter in others, Liston, was, when at home, the dullest man imaginable, and a prey to low spirits which frequently threatened his reason. By the advice of his wife, he went to the celebrated Abernethy, so well known for the *brusquerie* of his manner. Liston was ushered into the surgeon's room, and was received with a slight bow by the old cur, who was unacquainted with the name or person of his visitor. "Sit down, sir. What ails you?" said the doctor. Liston stated his complaint with gravity and deliberation. "Is that all?" inquired Abernethy. "There's nothing the matter with you. Low spirits! Pooh! pooh! Go to Covent-garden to-night and see Liston perform; if that as no effect, go again to-morrow; that will do it. Two doses of Liston will restore a melancholy madman. There—go—go." Liston was taken aback, tipped his guinea, and made a most theatrical exit.

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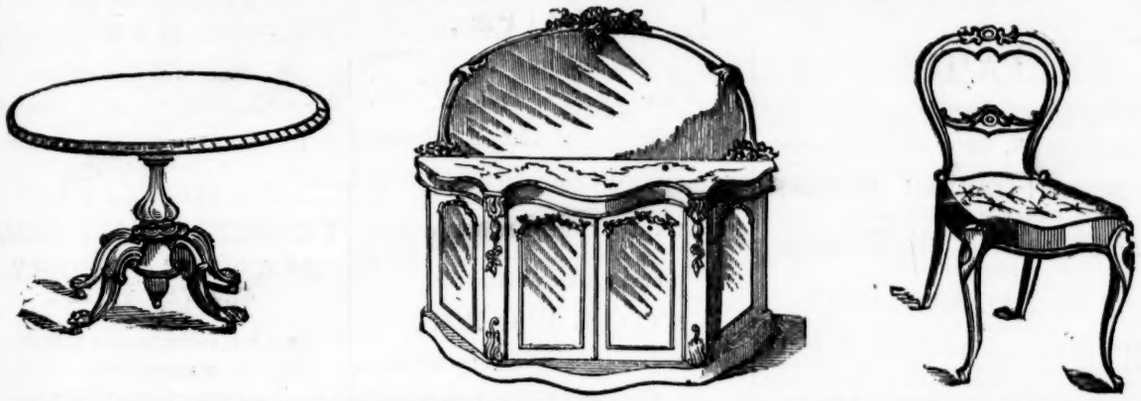

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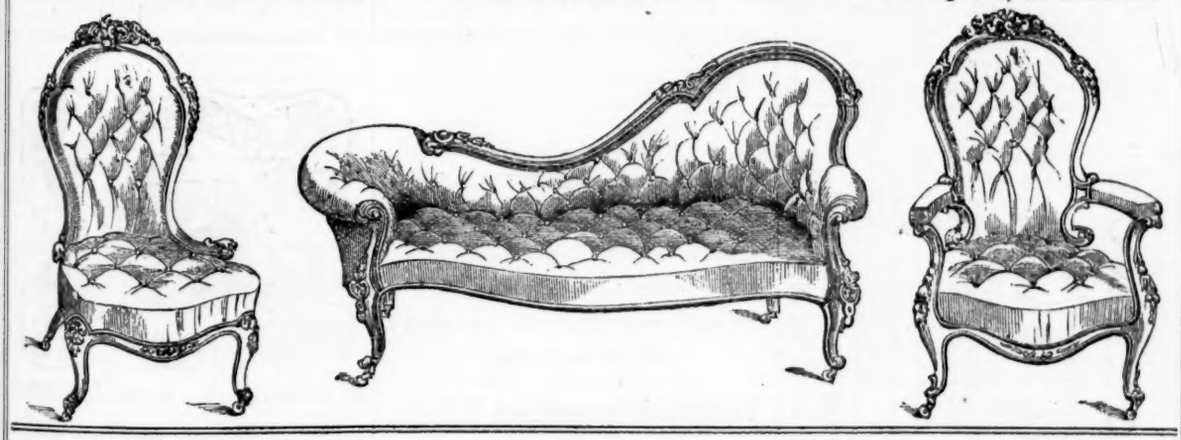

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